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Title: Knight's Tale Vol I

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Once upon a time, a  
very long time ago in a  
place very near here a  
young boy was orphaned.  
The young boy grew up  
in the streets of Britain  
trying to make a living  
catching rabbits and

selling the skins to the  
local Tailor. Many months  
went by and the young  
boy grew into a young  
man. One day the Head  
Tailor offered the young  
man training. The days  
were long and the pay

was poor, but the young  
man grew and saved and  
learned his new skill with  
such vigor, that he was  
able to buy a small  
coastal home in Skara  
Brea. He sadly packed up  
his belonging, saddled his

horse, said goodbye to  
the Tailor and made his  
way to Skara Brea.

The air was crisp and  
the water was pure. He  
could look out his window  
and see the ocean. He  
longed for some

adventure, and adventure  
he got, because he had  
moved into the middle of  
a city of rouges and  
murderers. The challenge  
became each day not to  
get killed and having no  
skill in the art of swords

he found himself in an  
interesting position. He  
found himself scared and

running with his few  
treasures to the safety  
of his home. He meet  
two more young men just  
like him just starting out

and he became close  
friends with them. One  
was a fisherman and had  
a boat. the other was  
skilled in the ways of the  
sword. He found himself  
making new freinds and  
learning many new skills

that he soon forgot all  
about tailoring, but the  
new people he had met  
lived so far away that he  
had to move to thier  
fort. The new people  
trained him to be a  
fierce warrior, and was

able to stand in the face  
of death and laugh. He  
became the new Sargent  
at arms and was in  
charge of training the  
new army they were  
building, many battles and  
many months went

by, many victories, he  
decided to travel home to  
see his home and his  
freinds. A big party was  
in his honor in becoming  
a grand master of the  
sword. Sadly he got a  
message that the army

he had help create had  
been destroyed and he  
made the long trip north  
to discover any new  
information, all he found  
was a ruined house and  
the Clans Charter, sadly  
he turned and headed for

home.

He was greiving deep in  
his heart about his loss  
and being the soul  
surviver, sinking into a  
depression that made his  
anger turn to rage,

rage so great that he

was blind to the truths  
and virtues he had been  
taught. He wanted  
revenge. He began to walk  
the road in search of  
trouble and trouble he  
found. Day after day he  
guarded the roads slaying

the highwaymen and  
rouges. One day he saw a  
young man traveling the  
roads stealing from the  
dead, and he stopped him,  
this child could be his  
own due to the same  
features, same smile,

same birthmark and even  
thier eyes were the same  
color of hazel. after a  
long questioning he found  
out that the boy had  
also been orphaned in the  
city of britain. It twas a  
miricle, he had a brother

and his name was Eric.  
A new Guild was Formed  
from the ash's of Clan  
McCleod. The new group  
of freinds decided what  
they would do is, search  
the roads for rouges and  
claim bounty on criminals

by removing thier heads  
and taking them to the  
local guard shack and  
recieve payment. The  
group became infamous to  
the the likes of evil  
doers and the roads were  
safer. The great amout a

wealth and personal  
property acquired during  
this time allowed him to  
purchase fine weapons and  
armor and even build a  
bigger home.

It was a windy, cold day  
in the late fall, he was

riding alone north towards  
yew, he came across a

stockade on the road.  
Thieves, bandits to many  
for him, he battled the  
rouges and to his  
surprise a band of  
horsemen came from the

trees and help him subdue  
the rouges. Their name  
was the Lia Faile Empire  
and he was quickly invited  
back to thier castle  
nearby. They explained to  
him that the city of Yew  
and themselves were under

constant attack from the  
orc's and they could use  
every able body to drive  
the orc's back to the  
mountains.

The great Orc wars  
continued for two long  
years, the once handsome

young man had turned  
older, skin was weathered  
and his hair war thinning  
from age. He began to  
look to the future,  
pondering what the fates  
might have in store for  
him. His vast rich's and

property just did not  
sastisfy the urge to  
require more and more.

He left his friends  
behind without so much a  
word and began a solo  
quest for all the wealth  
he could desire, during

this time he was slaying  
fantastic beasts and even  
went to the edge of hell.

There was no risk to  
much, no creature to  
strong, and worst of all  
there was no fear of  
dying. One day he relised

he had left everyone and  
everything behind and  
discovered he had become  
lonley and bitter and all  
the rich's could not make  
him feel better. He had

to look for his old  
friends, alas they were

gone, some departed for  
other lands, some just  
simply did not exist.

A fierce depression set  
in and he began to sell  
his treasures waiting for  
the end to come to him,  
quickly he was hoping. He

starting thinking about a  
new plan, grabbed three of  
best his men and told  
them "we are for hire"  
and we shall destroy the  
those who commit murder.  
and thus the four  
horsemen of Clan McCleod

was formed. The three  
other horsemen were Eric  
the Red, Scuzz, and  
Raistilin Maghere and his  
Wife Scribble who helped  
them, after 2 long years  
the ranks of the  
murderers thinned and

they had totaled one  
hundred sixty paid  
assassinations, as the fame  
grew, the popularity of  
the group grew, they  
grew apart and went  
their separate ways  
always staying in contact

but not ever together  
again. Once again he was  
alone, he often thought  
about a lady as a friend  
instead of a bar wench  
for a night of which he  
did neither, as few of  
the single Ladies could

have interest in such a  
rough character, and the  
other Ladies ...um were  
not Ladies. One thing he  
was sure about was that  
one day he would meet  
the right Lady.

The days grew

longer, and the investments

paid off, the mining  
company he built was  
providing amazing profits  
and even more amazing  
weapons and armor, with  
a full staff of warriors,  
wizards and craftsmen

almost anything was  
possible. He went to his  
good friend Lord Rasputin  
and asked him to take  
over the Clan for him as  
his heart was not in the  
daily events and the the  
Clan would suffer with an

active leader, Lord  
Rasputin said he would,  
but this was only until  
the Clan selected a new  
leader.

one day as the sun was  
setting he got a message  
hand delivered from a

rider from the city of  
Yew, it said "sir are you  
available to battle a new  
attack by the orcs"  
signed by SunWolf. His  
eyes opened wide, a grim  
smile formed over his lips  
" perhaps this is a good

day to die", he saddled up  
his horse and made the  
long travel to Yew. The  
war was short and  
victories went to orcs,  
and lands were lost. The  
Yew council was in utter  
disarray and people were

fleeing from all the lands.  
He was about to leave  
and go home and The  
Lady Lilyth Noir and Duke  
Kotore invited him to a  
meeting about regaining  
the the glory of Yew and  
rebuilding the ruins, a

plan was formed and an  
army was built to defeat  
the orcs, and it was at  
one of the meetings he  
saw the Lady in Red and

at the wedding of Lilyth  
and Duke Kotare he  
declared that the Lady in

Red would be the only  
one for him, and because  
she didn't seem to notice  
him, he knew this would  
probably never happen and  
many people agreed with  
him, but he stayed firm  
possibly only dreaming

about the impossible. He  
saw her a few more  
times, and even recieved  
a token kiss and at  
celebration of christmas.

The Orc battles  
continued. ...was there  
no hope for Lord Sid...